

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE INFIRMARY

51 CARVER ST., BOSTON

A free clinic in this building has cared for over 50,000 animals in the last ten years.

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

There has been an attempt made during the last year or two to question the usefulness of the cat. The "natural prey of cats," her detractors say "are birds," and much pains has been taken to convince the public that while cats catch millions of birds they seldom catch rats and mice. We venture to reverse this decision. We admit that they do catch birds, though in no such extravagant numbers as have been reported and going the rounds in newspapers, but we declare with the certainty born of a wide experience that their natural prey is rats and mice, and that in keeping down the number of these destructive little rodents cats are of the greatest value to mankind.

The Usefulness of the Cat.

In reply to a circular sent out by the League asking certain questions relating to cats, returns are coming in every day and we give here a fair sample of those received:

"We seldom have a mouse in the house and almost never a rat, but my cat has caught quantities of rats and mice from our neighbor's barn."

"We never see any more mice around our house or grounds at our summer home."

"Sometimes all rats and mice are gone. Occasionally a rat or mouse appears."

"A *great* difference, since we kept a cat."

"When I came to this house, the rats and mice made awful noises running up and down in the walls. I can truthfully say that since Tibby came to us, we are not troubled any more with these noises and she keeps them out of the barn also."

"Rats and mice have entirely gone and previously we were overrun with them."

"No rats about. Once had a cat that got them outside and brought them home."

"When no cat is in the house there are mice about which do damage; never when a cat is there has any damage been known."

"No mice or rats evident since we have had a cat. Overrun before."

"We have had one family of cats for years; all catch many rats. We have always considered it necessary to keep cats for the use they are in keeping rats and mice away from the flour house, grain bins, and factory."

"Our cat caught eight rats out of eleven when a barrel was tipped over in one instance. We were overrun but there are practically none now."

"Our cat greeted us with a large rat in its mouth one morning. Before we secured the cat the mice got so they ran around the floor while our help were at work during the day but now there is never a one seen."

"We are compelled to keep a cat at our shop—cannot get rid of rats in any other way—traps seem useless. We have kept a cat almost all the time for fifteen or twenty years. Also have a cat at home that has caught many mice. The latter is an Angora."

"I could not keep a hen or chicken without my cats."

"My cat is a fine ratter and welcome everywhere by the neighbors, at all times. He keeps our house practically free; no peace without a good mouser, we should be overrun without a cat; all the neighbors are very glad to have our cat help them out on mice and rats."

"We had very few before we kept a cat but none now."

"Since we kept a cat not only our own home but our entire neighborhood is almost entirely free from both rats and mice."

"Last season my cat must have caught hundreds of mice. In the one week when I kept count he brought home eighteen, and many times he has caught five in a day. I have seen him catch two full grown mice at once, or rather in the quickest possible succession and with both in his mouth pursue another which barely escaped into a hole. Most of his catch are field-mice and moles which would evidently damage our gardens seriously, if it were not for his constant vigilance."

"I have had cats that would go two blocks and proudly bring them home to me—rats and mice, never eating them. We have never seen any mice here for the twenty years we have lived here until a summer's vacation when the

cats were away with us a few mice came and were caught by our cat."

"The janitor has just reported that 'Happy' killed ten (10) rats in the press-room last night."

"We have been much troubled with mice and even rats in spite of keeping two dogs since we lost our cat by death. I never saw a cat even chase hens or chickens. Mr. P. says they were infested with rats in the factory before they got two cats. Now they never see one. The rats did much damage."

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

War's Toll of Horses.

Cavalry charges, though spectacular and thrilling, are expensive from the standpoint of horse flesh. And not only do many animals die in actual battle, but thousands succumb to accidents, disease and exposure. In the last year of the Civil War the Federal army used more than 200,000 horses, losing perhaps about 600 a day. About 20,000 died. In the Boer War, England lost more than 15,000 horses and mules in a year. More than \$76,000,000 worth of horses and mules were purchased from other countries, and practically all were lost from death or wounds in battle, or from starvation or disease.

In the present European conflict auto trucks are being used to pull heavy artillery over good roads, but as soon as rough country is reached the horse and mule become military necessities.

Another factor entering into the destruction of horses is the deadly shrapnel. No animal succumbs to infection from wounds so quickly as do horses and mules; maimed animals grow more and more lame, until they become useless and are shot. Exposure to all kinds of weather and irregular feeding cause havoc from pulmonary and digestive disorders.

A conservative estimate would be that 5,000 horses and mules are rendered useless for military purposes every day the war continues. During winter the loss must be even greater. As the war progresses the best horses will disappear, while a poorer grade will take their place. It

is to keep up the present efficiency that buyers are now purchasing American horses and mules by the thousand.—E. T. BAKER in *The Country Gentleman*.

Blue Cross Work for the Horses in France.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Arthur J. Coke, secretary of our Dumb Friends League, 58 Victoria St., London, S.W., we have received a first report of the work of the Blue Cross Fund for the relief of horses in the military operations in France. The report is made by Lieutenant Beneyton who is attached to the Blue Cross service at Claremont, and is dated December 4, 1914. It describes the work at three hospitals which have been opened at Serqueux, Provins, and Troyes.

"These installations have been carried out with the greatest care; the premises used as stables have been entirely whitewashed and carefully disinfected; the premises which had not yet been turned into stables have now been altered, rings have been fastened in the walls to tie up the horses, wooden mangers have been made, and nothing has been neglected to ensure comfortable and healthy stabling to the wounded horses which are given into our care.

"In addition to this, we have rented meadows quite near to the stables, so that every day the horses may be sent out to graze and exercise and also take advantage of the fresh air and sun. At Serqueux we shall easily be able to receive 300 or 400 horses in the premises which are already prepared. Two hundred and twenty horses have been received, and thirty are already cured and ready to be sent back to the French army.

"An inspection which was made last week at Serqueux by the principal veterinary surgeon, Alix, accompanied by the commandant of the horse depot at Neufchatel-en-Bray, enabled the military French authorities to appreciate our efforts and to see how well our hospitals are kept. Many horses have had bullets and pieces of shell taken out, and nothing has been neglected to cure the horses as quickly as possible and so allow them to go back to the ranks.

"At Troyes we have obtained, in addition to the ordinary stables and barns, a spacious works

factory, of which the central part, which has been turned into a stable, affords a large, well-ventilated shelter. We have also meadows on the banks of the canal and the Seine which ensure good grazing to the horses which are sent to us by the depot of French horses at Troyes. Three hundred places are ready at present, but only 100 are occupied; because a certain number of cases of glanders has broken out among the French horses, and it is absolutely indispensable that all suspect subjects should be removed before any can be accepted by the 'Blue Cross.' At the same time as we were opening the three hospitals at Serqueux, Provins, and Troyes, we were studying the situation for two other hospitals at Vernon-Gisors and Fontainebleau where we are ready to sign contracts with the proprietors of meadows and stables. We must add that everywhere we have received the most cordial welcome from the French military authorities and that we have received nothing but the most flattering commendation for those hospitals which are already open."

Needs of the War Horses.

The Animal Rescue League has been one of the many sources from which help has been going out to the war sufferers on the other side of the ocean.

Thanks to one of its Board of Directors, Miss M. C. Codman, who has furnished the material, more than sixty long scarfs, or mufflers, have already been sent to London and to France; forty more are ready to send and will be on their way before this article goes to press, and about seventy more are being knitted or crocheted by willing workers.

The League, feeling a natural desire to do something for suffering horses, has decided for its future work to knit and crochet the wither-pads that when placed under the hard English saddle are a great comfort to the horse and a preventive of sore backs. In a recent letter received at the League from Our Dumb Friends League, Arthur Coke, the secretary, writes: "With regard to wither-pads most of the officers ask us particularly for the knitted or crocheted pads as they are better for their purpose being more ventilated than felt or flannel."

Mr. Coke goes on to say that as many wither-pads have been donated the greatest need just at present is bandages for wounded horses. He writes that they should be made of "cheap, unbleached calico, washed and made into bandages four, six, eight or ten inches wide and from four to ten yards in length."

Upon receipt of this letter we sent out at once and purchased two 60-yard pieces of unbleached cloth which we have had washed and cut into strips of varying length. We should be glad to have any friends of horses who wish to help them take home these strips and roll them ready for our next box. Rollers of four inches width can be purchased at surgical supply stores but we have not been able to find any wider rollers and we believe the rolling can be done by hand without the aid of a machine.

The League will supply yarn for wither-pads and cloth for bandages as long as our supply holds out, free of cost, asking of those who will help us only their labor.

A. H. S.

Frances Simpson, a humane writer in England, had an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which she says:

"Magnificent, indeed, has been the response of the nation to the appeals which have been made, not only for men to defend the right for which the Empire is fighting, but also to aid sick and wounded men. And when we think of the horrors of war—when there rises before the mind the awful panorama of the battlefield—the men are not the only pathetic figures. An equal demand has been made upon those noble animals who, when guided by a rider's hand, will face the cannon's mouth!

"They have to fight and suffer together, but there is this difference, that the horses are not free agents—they have no exhortations of patriotic duty, no visions of glory and promotion. They have been taken from the shafts of the familiar carriages, from the cart and the plough, from the wagon and the van, from the luxurious hunting stable and the quiet village green—taken in all their strength and beauty to help in fighting our country's battles. Infinitely great, therefore, is our duty, in the first place, to render these noble animals fit for the terrible struggle

by ministering to their wants here in England after they have been taken over by the Military.

"But not only in our own country do we wish to give timely aid to the horses whose willing energy and strenuous efforts so greatly aid the mobility of our army, but also across the Channel. An enthusiastic member of the Committee, Captain Claremont, left last week for France, and the following telegrams received from him speak for themselves: "*Blue Cross Fund recognized by Army Council. Seeing Minister of War for approval.*" October 7th.—Then later:

"*Please prepare immediately largest stock possible of all stores for French Cavalry.*" October 9th.

For the first time in the history of war real care has been taken of the horses in the firing line, says the *Boston Transcript*. On the side of the Allies organized bodies of men collect stray horses after each engagement, and take them to the rear. This the Blue Cross does even under fire, thus saving many terror-stricken horses, which would otherwise run about until shot. Though the work is not without great danger for the men engaged, the rewards are great, as trained war-horses become rarer after each battle, and it is difficult to break new ones into harness or even to find new horses to break. The veterinary corps has become so zealous in its horse gathering that frequent attempts are made to steal horses from under the very guns of the enemy, and the legends of daring young horse doctors increase in volume with the passing months.

Doubtless the whole movement to save the horses may be traced to economic necessity rather than to any humane motives. The number of batteries and the large bodies of cavalry engaged require more horses than have ever been needed before, in spite of the presence of automobiles. Yet the humane is not neglected, and the suffering of the dumb warriors is greatly ameliorated. From a scientific standpoint the veterinary surgeons have performed wonders, and even the most experienced doctors have been surprised by the number of successful operations at the Serqueux Hospital.

Cruelty to Dogs.

Owners of dogs, and they certainly know something about them, are protesting against the muzzling law, in New York. We read in the *New York Herald*:

"Doctor De Mund is a well-known physician, and his opinion concerning the new law and its effects in the matter of preventing a rabies epidemic in the city is interesting.

"In an interview for the *Herald* Doctor De Mund said that it was absolutely unnecessary to place a muzzle upon a dog which is held in leash, and that so far as rabies is concerned, it is one of the rarest diseases known to medical science and very few cases have been positively diagnosed.

" 'One case,' said Dr. De Mund, 'was that of a boy in Brooklyn five years ago. It was said that the boy had developed hydrophobia, but when an autopsy was performed it was positively established that the boy died from tobacco poisoning.' "

This might be a more enjoyable world if the instigators of all panicky laws were muzzled and law-abiding dogs were let alone.—*Life*.

We have records of cases of dog bite resulting fatally after the Pasteur treatment, while other persons bitten by the same dog at the same time, but not treated, kept right on living. Dog-catchers, dog-fanciers and owners of big kennels, some of them bitten scores of times, scoff at the notion of hydrophobia or any danger from dog bite, unless the bite be in a vital part, which, of course, might happen. Most of the scares arise from frightening and chasing and brickbatting a frightened dog, who, for want of speech, cannot explain his feelings. He needs the care of a sane friend, instead of being hounded by an insane mob!—*Journal of Zoöphily*.

A bite or a scratch from a dog, or a cat, or a horse is no more dangerous than a scratch or wound from a rusty nail. One death was caused by a cut from a new penknife. A spider bite also has caused severe blood poisoning and death. Cases that are called hydrophobia are probably often blood poisoning. Cleanse a wound at once with two-thirds alcohol and one-third water, and there is practically no danger of any harmful results from any of these wounds.



BUNGALOW NOTES

PINE RIDGE, Jan. 13.—I came home from the city last night in a pouring rain and such a high wind that I was almost afraid the carriage would blow over when we got the blasts across the river and the fields. When I looked out of my window this morning everything was white, the ground, the trees, and the air was full of whirling snowflakes.

There was scarcely a patch of snow to be seen last Sunday and as we took our usual walk down the hill across the field into the little cemetery where more than a hundred tiny mounds, and small marble and granite stones, speak of the love men and women have felt for their fourfooted friends, we found many patches of green grass, here and there, mullein leaves as soft and fresh as in summer, and the thyme-leaved speedwell reaching out a trail of green from under the dead leaves of the oak and the nut trees.

The dogs were with us and ran this way and that way sniffing under the dead leaves and into crevices of rocks, possibly getting the scent of a squirrel, but hardly a squirrel is left in our neighborhood since the carnival of hunting and shooting carried on by men and boys for weeks in the fall. Before this "sport" we saw the gray squirrels jumping from tree to tree and building their winter nests. There were pheasants in our lower fields, but not one is to be seen since we heard the guns popping, Sundays and week days, just across the lane in the woods.

There is nothing left now in the woods but a solitary fox that ventures out in the night. I have heard him barking at midnight and sometimes we hear him in the evening uttering plaintive short, sharp barks quite unlike any dog, calling, perhaps, to a mate or to a mother that the gunners have killed. As another fox-hunting season is about to begin—or has begun—this solitary fox will in all probability soon go the way of his companions.

It does not amuse me, but it disgusts me to read the paragraphs now often seen in the papers blaming cats for the destruction of birds. Cats are very rare in this neighborhood. Between the bungalow and the village, on our mile drive, it is an unusual thing to see a cat. We saw one cat two years ago several times in a field near us, and tried to get hold of it but it was very wild, evidently homeless, yet living in the midst of woods and fields it appeared to be starving to death—a mere shadow of a cat. Before we could get it, it disappeared—I am sure it died. It evidently was not a hunter.

The birds come and go. When no snow is on the ground they do not seem to care for our assistance but get their own living, the English sparrows as well as the other sparrows, but on a day like this we have them all back again and it has been like a moving-picture show—only far better—looking from the windows since early morning. The bird table, the window shelves, and the snow-laden trees have been alive with fluttering wings of sparrows, English and native, chickadees, woodpeckers, bluejays, white doves, and crows. But where are the juncos?

Last winter, and every winter before, we have had a flock of juncos around the bungalow every snowy day. Today I have seen only one. During the last year we have had quite a number of bushes cut down around the bungalow—mostly oak scrub that was infested with the gypsy moth. Nothing else has changed about us that could possibly affect the junco unless an increase in the number of bluejays. There is no cat here, as our very jealous little Alphonse will not allow us to keep a cat, so I cannot help thinking that the cutting down of trees and bushes has caused the difference in the number of the wild birds that live in the trees.

The English sparrows look for shelter in our

sheds and barns and under the eaves of houses, trusting to man's kindness for protection,—a vain trust in many instances, but the wild birds seem to have an instinct that warns them to beware of man, so they look to the trees for shelter and there find other enemies—the owls, the hawks, the crows, the red squirrels, the boys with air guns, the boys who rob birds' nests. Perhaps it is as well that the trees are cut down and the little wild birds of fields and woods retreat farther and farther away from the habitations of man when at least their greatest enemies, the boy with the air gun, and the man with the shot gun and the egg collectors will not be so likely to find them as they are here in the suburbs.

When 65,000 men have licenses to go out and shoot and kill in our state, and half as many more are allowed to shoot on their own grounds, thus making an army of about 100,000 to line up against the now much reduced numbers of quail, partridge and pheasants, it is natural to suppose that men who cannot fill their game bags with game birds and squirrels will not hesitate to try their skill at anything with wings. Of course there are exceptions, but we believe it would be safe to say that out of 100,000 men and boys with guns at least 25,000 would have no conscience about shooting robins or any small birds that came in their way. Some of these licensed gunners have been caught with small birds in their bags, but every one knows it is difficult and usually impossible to get a man or a boy to go into court to testify against another man or boy.

So we who are carefully observing these things continue to deny that cats are responsible for the decrease in birds. If one quarter of the zeal that has been shown by man in trying to get a license bill for cats had been directed against allowing boys to have air guns, also limiting the number of gunners or the shooting season we should soon find where the trouble about the disappearance of birds belongs.

Later: I have seen more juncos. They are not all gone yet. I wonder if the junco that came first is the one that spent several weeks in the caretaker's cottage while recovering from a

wound, probably made by the boy with the air gun. As soon as this junco was quite able to fly he was released and was seen about the home and grounds the remainder of that season, his identity made clear by a small red cord fastened above the foot.

I just looked out on the bird table. All the crumbs are eaten and the birds are flown. The white doves just circled over the empty table and flew away. When the table is covered again it will be but a few minutes before all the hungry guests return.

There is great pleasure to be found in a bird table. Every one who lives in the country ought to have a special feeding place for birds near enough the windows of the house to watch the birds come and go. We have suet fastened on three trees very near the bungalow, and it is interesting to see how tame the woodpeckers and chickadees are, taking their food without fear while we are watching them only an arm's length away. We pour hot water into our "bird pool" in the rocks at the corner of the bungalow when it is frozen over and I have seen the birds go to the pool to drink and to bathe while the steam is still rising from the water.

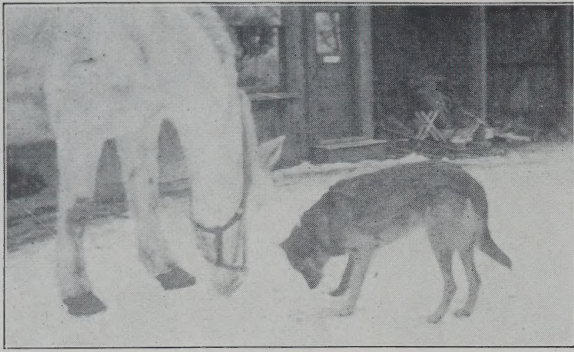
The birds have got used to Alphonse and come quite near him to take crumbs that have literally fallen from his table—or from his pan that we sometimes set out near the back door in the warm sunshine. Sometimes a bold sparrow or pigeon comes to the very edge of the pan; then Mr. Alphonse, who lies down and watches his plate when he cannot eat all of the food given him, jumps up with a sharp and snappish bark and runs at the bird or pigeon and drives it away—I am sorry to say our little fat bungalow dog is inclined to be selfish. Dogs have many, but not all of the faults and weaknesses of human beings yet I think our fourfooted friends and companions are expected to be much more perfect than we are ourselves.—A. H. S.

Award of Spratt's Trophy.

Exhibitors and breeders of dogs everywhere will be interested to know that Spratt's Trophy of fifty dollars, for the best brace in 1914 shows, has been awarded to Mr. G. W. Quintard, Ridgeway Kennels, for the following fox terrier braces:

Champion Matford Vic,
Champion Raby Dazzler,

Ridgeway Corker,
Cromwell Cheeky.



OLD WHITE MARE AND HER FRIEND AT PINE RIDGE.

From a photograph taken the morning after their arrival.

An Old White Mare and a Dog.

I cannot tell you their names. Word came to the Animal Rescue League that an old white mare was in possession of a man 15 miles out of Boston, who did odd jobs of one sort and another about the country where he lived, driving an old mare that looked as if she were starving to death.

Our agent visited the man, found the mare in a rough sort of shed in which a partition had been put up making a narrow stall. The mare was stiff in her hind legs with age, but she was what horse dealers would call "sound," and "still able to do some work." She had been fed principally on table leavings, bread forming quite a part of her diet, and she was very thin.

Our agent tried to buy the mare but the man refused to sell unless he got an unreasonable price, so he was warned to feed the mare better and give her a better stall and our agent left him for a time.

After a few weeks our agent went again. He found the mare in the same narrow stall in the shed. The owner said she had knocked down the partition once, trying to lie down, but he put it up in the same place as he couldn't spare any more room. She had been fed better, as her owner had decided to sell her and found he could get almost nothing for her when she was so thin and weak with hunger. A man had promised him twenty-five dollars, he said, and was coming after her the end of the week.

The League agent remonstrated with the man, telling him he ought not to let the old mare go to any one to be worked to death, and finally

on the promise of fifteen dollars and a good home given her awhile at Pine Ridge where she would have nothing to do but enjoy herself, the man agreed to let her go.

It was a cold day in January and the roads were slippery. There were six and one-half miles between the place where the mare was bought and Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses in Dedham—long miles over country roads—but the agent of the Animal Rescue League, thankful to get the old mare in his possession, started out bravely to walk the distance, leading the white mare.

He had got between two and three miles on his way when he heard a quick pattering of feet behind him and a dog rushed up to the mare jumping up on her and exhibiting so much delight that he forgot to keep out of the way of her hoofs and was checked in his gambols by a heavy foot on one of his paws which quieted his transports for the moment. It was then, to the surprise and dismay of the agent, that he recognized the dog as one he had seen in the house when he went in to pay the man for the mare. The dog was having a frolic with two little children and did not take much notice of the stranger.

"Gee!" exclaimed the agent to himself, "they let him out and he tracked the horse. What'll I do?"

He tried every way he could to send the dog back but without success. The dog evidently believed it was his duty to follow his master's mare and see where this strange man was taking her; so he followed on until Dedham and the Home of Rest was reached, and doubtless there were two very unhappy children in one little country home that night.

But it was not only the children who were unhappy; the faithful dog, finding that the mare was put up in the barn for the night was greatly troubled. He had no intention of leaving his home and friends so he whined and cried. He was put in the box stall with his friend the mare, but he scratched at the door and barked until he was released. Then Edward, the caretaker at Pine Ridge, fixed up a nice hot supper for the dog which he ate with relish; he made him a bed in the carriage house, away from Basil the St. Bernard and Fido and Fluffy, who all sleep in

the barn and left him, as he supposed comfortably fixed for the night.

But when the dog found he was left alone, a stranger in a strange place, he lifted up his voice in loud lamentation and his cry of loneliness and grief penetrated the caretaker's cottage and the Bungalow. So Edward, halted in his preparations for bed, again donned his boots and coat and travelled up the driveway to the carriage shed to liberate the dog. The dog gladly went back with him to the kitchen, but not satisfied yet he followed him up to his room and when at last the long-suffering Edward stretched himself in bed a heavy weight suddenly seemed to be thrown on him—it was the dog who found no comfort or rest to his soul until he lay on the bed by the side of the man who, he could plainly understand, would give him kindness and sympathy.

It is not to be wondered at if the next morning Edward rather plaintively asked if "that dog could be got home any way before another night?" As there was no way of taking the dog across country excepting by making a special trip in the sleigh, and as the only alternative was to take him in Boston on one railroad train and carry him out again on another and then walk with him a mile or two, the sleigh was decided upon and Edward, after vainly attempting to persuade the wanderer to ride on the front seat with him, gave it up and drove off across the country, the dog joyfully accompanying on foot, limping a little, but happy in the conviction that he had found out where his friend the white mare had been taken, and being quite satisfied that he had left her in a good home, was going back himself to his young playmates.—
A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

An Artist who Kept a Menagerie.

Leonardo da Vinci always wrote a peculiar script of his own devising in his note-books, partly because he was left-handed, partly, some people think, because he didn't want everyone to read what he wrote down. But we have managed to find out some of his secrets, nevertheless, though not too soon. One is, that he knew the earth moved round the sun before Copernicus did; and another, that hundreds of years before James Watt saw the lid of his tea-kettle rise, he knew about the power of steam. He tells us, too, of many useful kinds of machines and invented the camera obscura, which, no doubt, started photography later on. It was too bad burying these secrets in his note-books so long, wasn't it? His friend Pacioli, who had these books after his death, never thought of publishing them, and Leonardo worked out these problems more to please himself than to be of use to other people.

Leonardo was very studious all his life, and even when quite small never found his lessons any trouble to him. He liked drawing and modelling best, however. Verrocchio was the name of his master, and he said when he first saw Leonardo's drawings, "He will be a great artist some day," which shows he deserved his name of "true eye," which is the meaning of Verrocchio in Italian.

One day Leonardo's father brought a roughly-made wooden shield to him, and asked him to paint something on it. Leonardo had heard the story of Perseus and the wonderful Medusa's head which he gave to Athena to wear on her shield, so that when her enemies saw it they were turned to stone. He therefore determined to paint something on the shield that would horrify enemies at least, if it did not exactly turn them into stone. He gathered together serpents, locusts, bats and all the queerest little animals he could think of and shut himself up in a room alone with them. As he watched then squirming about hideously, ideas came to him of a horrible

Reports from our five Receiving Stations, North Bennett Street, Cambridge Neighborhood House, 69 Roxbury Street, Roxbury, 248 Adams Street, Dorchester, and 78 Northampton Street, Boston show that there were taken at these stations during the month of January 215 animals, including 187 cats and kittens, 27 dogs and 1 bird. The largest record was made at 69 Roxbury Street, Roxbury, where 100 animals were taken.

monster, which he painted on the shield, wriggling out of a dark cavern. When he had finished he placed the picture on an easel and called his father in to see it. His father, not expecting anything of the kind, rushed out of the room quite frightened. Leonardo called him back, saying:

"That is just the effect I wanted my picture to have. This is the shield you asked me to paint."

Ser Piero was greatly astonished at his son's genius, and sold the painting for a large sum of money. It is now lost, though there is a fine picture of a monster in Florence which some people think must be Leonardo's.

Leonardo was always fond of animals, especially horses, which he often drew and painted. He once kept quite a menagerie of animals, which we are told he cared for with infinite kindness and consideration. He was fond of very out-of-the-way pets, such as glow-worms, hedgehogs, newts, etc. Often, as he passed places where little birds were sold, he would pay the price asked for, open the cage doors and let them fly away. His favorite flowers were the cyclamen and columbine, both exceedingly graceful. These he has drawn with his fine delicate touch more than once.

There are, for different reasons, very few of Leonardo's pictures left. He was very particular about his work, and often spent years over one small picture before he was satisfied with it. Then, as we have seen, he was fond of many other things besides painting, and was often quite busy with his wonderful inventions. The reason so many of his works are blackened and faded is that he tried experiments with the paints he used. We are told by a writer who lived in Leonardo's time that the carnation color of the cheeks of the "Mona Lisa" was perfectly charming. Now that is all gone. Nevertheless, this picture was a marvellous piece of work because of the expression.

When Leonardo was still quite a youth, he constructed a canal in Italy between Florence and Pisa. When he was thirty years old he went to Milan, where he lived for twenty years. He charmed the Duke of Milan, who was very fond of music, with the beautiful way he played upon and sang to the lute. When here, he painted his splendid picture, "The Last Supper,"

on the wall of a convent refectory. This painting took ten years to do, and is rightly considered one of the most famous pictures in the world. Sometimes Leonardo used to paint at it from morning till night, forgetting all about his food. At other times he stood before it with folded arms, trying to think out parts he was not sure about. A prior at the convent saw him do this once or twice and complained to the duke that Leonardo was wasting his time instead of painting. The duke asked him about the matter, when Leonardo explained that it is often the hardest part of an artist's work to compose in his mind the grouping of his picture. This exquisite fresco is now almost totally destroyed. When the French were in Milan the convent became a barrack, and the soldiers amused themselves by aiming stones at the disciples' head, etc. Leonardo himself helped to spoil it, because, in his love of experiment, he mixed oil with paints that should have been mixed with something else—white of egg, perhaps. Of course, he hoped to make the colors better, and probably they appeared so at the time, but before fifty years they had quite faded, while other pictures, like Fra Angelico's, though painted long before, remain quite bright to this day.

A new duke, Sforza by name, had taken the place of the one who loved music so much. He asked Leonardo to make a statue of his father on horseback. The statue was colossal in size and everybody who saw it admired it greatly. But this statue, too, was destroyed by the French, and poor Leonardo himself saw sixteen years of hard work broken to pieces. Yet, some time after, he painted pictures for the French king. There are four of Leonardo's pictures now in the Louvre and some of his many beautiful drawings.

Leonardo's pupils were all very fond of him. One said he was just like a father to them. To another he gave money to help him with his sister's dowry, and again to buy shoes with rose-colored edgings. Leonardo himself wore a rose-colored tunic and long hose, because men dressed quite beautifully in those days—not as they do now in clothes of dingy colors shaped to make them all look as much alike as possible. He told his pupils that when in bed at night they should go over the contours of faces they had seen in the daytime, and then try afterwards to

draw them from memory. He also used to tell them that if they looked on the damp stains on walls they would be able to make out all sorts of queer shapes of battles, people, etc.

Once, in order to please the French king, Leonardo made a lion that walked along the table till it came to his majesty, when it raised itself on its hind legs and showed him on its breast the "fleur de lis"—the crest of France. But with all his love of fun, Leonardo worked hard, for when in France busy with planning out a canal there, he got so wearied, a writer says, that after a week in bed he died, aged sixty-seven. Many men, of course, are not worn out till much older. Leonardo showed his kind heart to the end, for in his will he left half his property to the poor, and the other half to his brothers and pupils.

Colonel and Midget.

"Mrs. Clark, Colonel won't stand up this morning," exclaimed John, the coachman, as he opened the door in answer to a "Come in."

"Can he be ill?" asked Mrs. Clark, "I will come to the stable immediately."

Colonel was Mrs. Clark's favorite horse. She could drive him, and he was always gentle.

When Mrs. Clark entered Colonel's stall, she spoke to him in a kind voice, but he responded by only looking into his mistress' eyes.

Midget, the pet cat, who always slept in Colonel's feed-box was gone.

"John, Colonel must be injured, telephone for Doctor Paine." Mrs. Clark knelt to pat the patient horse and there in the hay, on the floor between Colonel's front legs, something moved.

"John, come here, there is a live animal in the hay, see what it is!" cried Mrs. Clark.

As soon as these words were spoken in strolled Midget who walked to Colonel's side, and in a motherly way said, "Me-ow, me-ow!" Colonel answered by putting his nose down in the hay and there were three baby kittens. Midget had a family and Colonel was the guardsman. He knew he could not rise without crushing the small creatures, so had lain as still as possible.

Mrs. Clark and John stood a moment looking at each other in surprise; this time they discovered that Doctor Paine was not what Colonel needed but a basket for Midget and her babies.

The market basket was partly filled with fresh hay and a blanket laid on top, then John carefully lifted the kittens and put them in their new bed.

Colonel had been cramped so long his legs were stiff but as he rose his eyes seemed to say, "Of course I wasn't going to get up and step on those little kittens."—NAN BERNHAM.

Anna Sewell and Black Beauty.

There is one thing that English humanitarians would like to know, and that is who first introduced Black Beauty to Mr. George T. Angell. It is little to the credit of Anna Sewell's compatriots that American readers should have utilized its teaching to so much better advantage, and that the Boston humane society should have circulated it in thousands in the States and aided its translation into Spanish, two Indian languages and a variety of other languages, while in England nothing has been done. With the exception of a brief notice in the pages of the *Animal World* (the organ of the R. S. P. C. A.) in January, 1879, saying that "Black Beauty, the autobiography of a horse, was one of the text-books recently published in support of our principles," and a short review nine months later, there has never been mention or advertisement of that wonderful book in the R. S. P. C. A. literature.

Anna Sewell was an invalid who dictated the book to her mother as she lay dying. Her portrait is in one of the later editions of her work, representing her as a woman over thirty. We have read that mother and daughter were devoted companions; and also that they regarded Black Beauty's merits so lightly that the sum of twenty pounds paid to them by Messrs. Jairoid was considered ample. The copyright restrictions in England have always been prohibitive and it is only quite recently that a magnificent set of magic lantern slides of the story has been possible.

There is another favorite work of a like kind, although with a more mournful ending—"Poor Blossom," also by a woman. Would that some wealthy humanitarian would arise to have both books illustrated beautifully and put upon the market at a price that would suit all purses.—

MRS. FLORENCE SUCKLING.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES



THIS LITTLE YORKSHIRE TERRIER, "BEPPO," WAS FOUND IN WRETCHED CONDITION AND TAKEN TO THE LEAGUE. HE WAS ADOPTED BY MISS H. S. TOLMAN AND IS NOW WELL AND HAPPY.

The record of animals received and cared for during the month of January was as follows: 1,290 cats; 293 dogs; 42 horses; 17 birds.

We cared for at Pine Ridge, 14 horses.

The above record means the animals we have actually taken into our possession and either placed in homes or put humanely to death. It should always be remembered that the League never places horses in homes excepting those that are taken to our Home of Rest for temporary comfort and after a few months of enjoyment are put to death in the electric stall, which is the most absolutely humane method of putting a horse to death that could be imagined.

Out of the 42 horses purchased last month in sales stables, and from men who were using them, four are now enjoying a period of rest and plenty. The old white mare that figures in my true story of "An Old White Mare and a Dog" is still at our Home of Rest at Pine Ridge and is very happy there.

A small black mare that was found in the sales stables with her mouth badly torn by the bit,

and her tongue nearly cut in two is at our Home of Rest. With the care that has been taken of her, her sore mouth is now entirely healed. She is full of life and spirits and races around the paddock and rolls on the snow, and seems to be having some comfort to make up for the months of pain and torture that she must have gone through with before we received her.

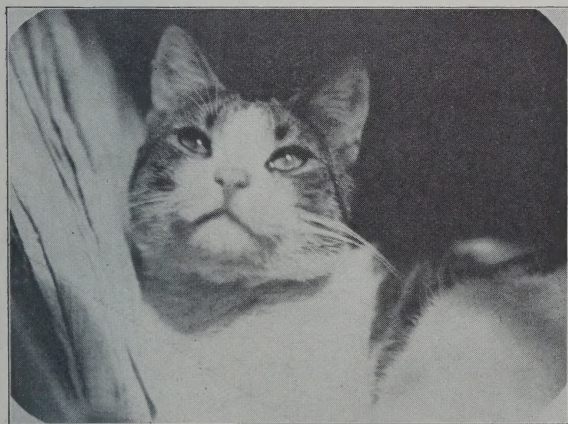
Another female collie was rescued by two of our agents from her hiding place under a porch where she had been with two puppies for some weeks. A part of the flooring of the porch had to be torn up before she could be taken out. She was very wild and frightened but already she is getting fond of our head kennel man and seems to take comfort in her snug bed and little room which she has all to herself.

An exceptionally good chance to place the collie found in a cellar of a vacant house with eight puppies in January having been found, she has gone with two of her puppies to a good home where she will have two hundred acres of land to roam over and a very kind master. Before she left the League her puppies were large enough to be placed in homes and four males were gladly adopted by dog lovers. This collie was very well bred and had a lovable disposition.

In the month of January there was a call from Cambridge to go after a large dog that appeared to be lost. We sent our emergency car which soon returned bringing a magnificent Russian wolf hound. It was seen at once that she was no ordinary dog and the "Lost and Found" column of the papers were, as usual, watched with the expectation of seeing her advertised. We gave up advertising dogs ourselves after two or three very unpleasant experiences when the advertisement brought to our kennels men of whose untrustworthy characters there could be no doubt, all declaring that the dogs were theirs, and some even bringing old dog license bills which, however, fortunately did not come near enough in descriptions of the dogs to bear out their claims. Such are the tricks of the trade, and we soon decided that we would let the true owner of the dog do his own advertising. So we waited, and

waited, but nothing being seen or heard in relation to her after ten days she was placed in a very fine home in Sharon. Three days later a young man appeared at the League making enquiries about a Russian wolf hound which he said was valued at from seven hundred to a thousand dollars and with a pedigree going back three hundred years! He said she came from the stock of the grand ducal kennels in Russia. This young man, a Harvard student, had been ill in a Cambridge hospital and Mitzi was boarded in a kennel from which she escaped. The man boarding her said he did not advertise because he was trying to get hold of the thief who stole her and thought it best to keep quiet. Whether she was stolen or whether she simply escaped and ran away only Mitzi herself can tell and she will not divulge the secret.

Of course the dog was sent for and, as the agreement signed by those taking dogs or cats from us states that the animal must be given up if an owner appears in a reasonable time, the young man soon had the joy of getting his precious Mitze back into his possession. He seemed very grateful and declared his intention of placing this valuable and altogether lovely dog with relatives who would look after her carefully and make her not only safe but happy.



COMFORTINA FOSTER.

A Letter from a Cat.

DEAR EDITOR LADY: My Missie is so busy that I don't know when she will send my pictures. I am very proud of them. Everyone

thinks I am so sweet. I am not a League cat. My Missie took me from way up country two years ago Christmas. I had a long ride in a shawl. I liked that, sucked it, and slept most of the way. She had just lost a little kitty, so she named me Comfy. I would snuggle in her neck at night, and she would play with me, and we had nice times. I was lonely daytimes, so she got another little kitty from the same place for a present for me. He makes me very nervous sometimes. I like to jump over him, he does not know what to make of that. His name is Imp.

Before he came Missie played with me. We would play hide and seek round the corners, I'd dance out at her down the hall, with my tail big, and my back up, and she would run out at me from another door, when I thought she was in another room.

I like to play with a ball of wet tissue paper. Missie will throw it and I'll scamper and get it and bring it back to her, and she will throw it again and again. But that Imp interferes so I don't care for that so much now.

If Imp doesn't get there first, I get on Missie's back at mealtime, and hang my paws over her shoulders so as to grab anything that may come near. I like to grab her hair. Sometimes she stands near the bed with a nice long tail down her back and doesn't see me. So I creep up and get that and play with it. She doesn't like it very well, and takes it away. It feels different from Imp's tail.

I like to dance for shadows, and that makes Missie laugh. She shakes her fingers in front of the wall, and I'll dance at the shadows up all over the wall. It's great fun. Imp doesn't care to do it. He does most everything I do, so it is a relief when he keeps off at times.

Here he comes now. If I turn round, he seems to hear and has to nose round to see what is up. The other night I got a mouse, my second in two years, and he was watching me so I couldn't half play with it, and had to growl and that woke Missie and she came and took it away. I have been cross ever since.

Imp's playing with my tail, and I must hide this or he'll get it.

Purringly yours,

COMFORTINA FOSTER.



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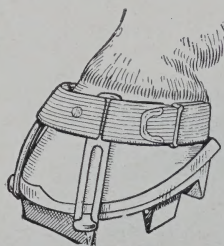
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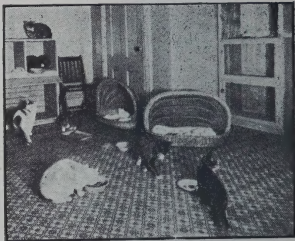
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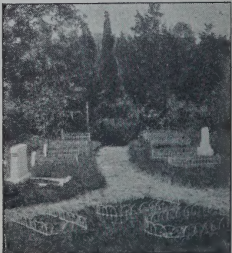


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